



Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Intro"

[Canibus:]

Hahahahaha

Enter the Mic Club, this is where it all starts
MC's defend their honor at all costs
Cycle of winners, this ain't for beginners
Front and centre, state your name and your business
When I pass you the mic, you better burn it
Don't be squirmish, you want respect? You've gotta earn it
This is where we define purpose
How much heart lies beneath the surface?
What's hidden behind the curtain?
Besides tight verses, nothing in life is certain
If you live as long as your words, you make life worth it
Writing rhymes give me a buzz, I do this for the love
Welcome to the M-I-C club...

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate"

Yo, Houston to Earth
Watch the ripper crucify you with verse
My urethra to ya uvula, quenches your thirst
Put your flames out with dry desert dirt where leopards lurk
Lock your soul down with an esoteric weapon search
Strap a bomb to one of your labels record clerks
And activate it as soon as they get to work
Ring the alarm, red alert, nigga it gets worse
Bypass security networks with select words
Megahertz make nebulas reverse till your head burst
Call the press first and ask them who got the best verse
Give me the respect I deserve
If you are what you eat, it's obvious I can't eat what I'm worth
Yall niggas eat pussy and burp
The other half of yall suck dick till your jaws and ya neck hurt
When you address me nigga end your sentence with sir
Critics went beszerk they aint even heard my best work
See I broke into the mind by
Quietly goin by their eardrum walls and hotwired they skulls
Yeah I earned the name Canibus, but what did it cost?
Battle rappers nothing but a serendipitous whore
Niggas probably like, what da fuck he dissin him for?
Yeah he dissed me first but you was never informed
I'm one of the top five nigga, my shit is tight nigga
you heard it right nigga, I rock mics nigga
But the limelight isn't where I belong
The top four don't even look in the mirror no more
If they did I'd be in the mirror looking back at em, ready to grab them
Kidnap them, and put them on my album
I rip jackers, Rip the time space fabric
Loop the future with the past tense looking for patterns
Eradicate Africans that sold Africans to Saxons
and forced black men to pay taxes
Attack a wack bitch with counter tactics
Split your bullet proof chases in half with a rapid gatling
Keep firing at cha till you trapped in
Now come back and scramble for helicopter extractions
While I'm back and forth back braggin
How I tortured them faggots and stabbed them with rip the jacker daggers
Slay dragons with old passages from black magic manuscripts
I found in the cabinet written in Arabic
Translate to characters one by one, like Arafat tarot cards suggest
I make terrorist threats through your stereo sets
Various anthrax carriers sendin serin to the press
At an imaginary address, Cani's the best
Untraceable, your pictures unpaintable, canvas thats wet
Let me dry you of wit some of this fire I spit

26 years old nigga look how I spit
A microphone fiend since I was like fourteen
My Cuban uncle used to sell cocaine, OK?
I'm reloaded, you fuckin wit the wrong emcee
Crudes felt your cold disease to the whole industry
Potent as Hennessey that was distilled in Tennessee
One shot scrambles your memory indefinitely
Nowadays a hundred bars aint impressive to me
You stepping to me nigga do it intelligently
You wanna battle or you wanna fuckin wrestle wit me
You aint better than me, you just got an obsession wit me
Canibus hybrid, the cake icing of rhyminingness
As I grow older I get colder like the declining
Climate of earth's environment, I'm entirely tireless
Rhymes come from my higherness of wireless dialect
Scientist on cyber speed design my specs
Astral project, therein height in secs, chakras connect
Doctors inspect what they can't possibly interpret yet
That's why they revert to threats
They curse and throw fits
They like immature earth cadets, looking like Captain Kirk in a dress
Lyrically I step on you, rip on you, then I defecate what I just digested on you
I'm better than you, I'm better than you, I'm better than you
Just to get the checkered flag I'll put the pressure on you
Put the extra effort on you
Write a motha fuckin letter to you and your editors too, threaten you
Detective check your mail and your messenger to
You can take this verbal slashin that I left as a clue
Execute the type of wickedness the devil approves
Which basically means I can do whatever witchu
I'm a rap music mutant, wit a cool name
Misconstrue fame but I spit butane
Blue flames out giant CO2 tanks
Demagnetize memory banks, enhanced, advanced
One of a kind like modern man's retina scan
Quick as a glance and flickers from kerosene lamps
What you want me to break first your jaw or your grill?
What type of spit you want from me sparkling or steel
Study law, yield draw up my own deals
So the longer they resist me the stronger I feel
Spread the ganglia from Tanzania to the flats of East Anglia
Give up, you cant keep up
The man eater in a wife beater
Spreadin Typhoid Fever through mic receivers with light reverb
Type in the right keywords, I might emerge
Takes a really nice nigga to excite these nerds
Niggas wanna see the gully in me, keep fuckin with me
Never under pressure, I keep the pressure under me
Bun?? Or weed, drop a freestyle on the internet then watch niggas burn the CD
Upload a picture of your mug getting DP'd
I'm one size away from 13, believe it she p'd
I'm the illest and its gonna be that way for eva
Word of mouth is good but a mouth of words is betta nigga

No body gets sicker than the ripper!!!!!!!

Canibus Lyrics

"Master Thesis"

This is the master thesis underneath the deepness
Come to micclub.net where you can read this
Run a plot on a map hyper space 'ya
From the society for scientific exploration
Color is vibration, vibration is sound
Sound resonates through the mouth check it out
What I say vibrates no less than 9 ways
South, South East, West, south west, east
North, North east, North west
And the black and white images fade
To great sound waves
Track my adversaries like a mouse in a maze
With a bewildering array, of lyrical display
The best of Bis oftenly rearrange
Moto atomic elements, with a deft intelligence
The highest professorship, my English etiquette
Compels me to not say it if I can't spell it bitch
My circularised 3rd Eye, sees all
Atlantis was surrounded by 4 sea walls
I read one-fourth of the Library of Alexandria
Before it was burnt to the floor
I wish I could've learned more
About the shapes of the sacred geometry they used to draw
They were new millennium but Euclidian in form
Ancient in many ways but not nearly as old
Carved from Egyptian gold molded in Assyria
With processed Beryllium by the quintillion
They cooked on symmetrical stoves
With my logo etched above the hole where they inserted the coal
And they barbecued birds to the bone
They burned incense in a Buck Mister Fuller type dome
I talked to Mr. Fuller over the phone
And he said he had a contract to rebuild Rome
Said he didn't want to do it alone
I told him I was busy writing poems
But I'll think about going
The process was slow, and the dough was low
But I took it as the perfect opportunity to grow
Plus I never traveled that far from home
But I heard about the beauty of Sydonian (city of ancient Phoenicia) snow
Neon green grass, statues made from translucent glass
I'll be crazy to pass
I like nigerian Jazz
The blue twilight band
That plays tunes from a laser black sax
It sounds so laid back
It helps me relax

I brought the album after seeing K-Pax
Ooh how I miss my nautilus
I was told faren goat and mcdotilus did not exist
You have a modest case of scaphocephalous
I prescribe some neo gothic anti-biotics
Words concocted from the lyrical lock smith
Deadly as 10 droplets of Ricin toxin
From every angle the competition gets boxed in
Its Dr. C indoctrinates his doctrine
Translate the English alphabet
To the omega text
Life is now and death is next
Post bond out on bail from the belly of hell
Communicate through diatonic and pentatonic scale
These dark side tales might affect sales
I set sail and hunt down erect sperm whales
Use the aphrodisiac to get a female
Call ginger tie her up and drink her ginger ale
Grand maryey for me scotch on the rocks for you
Your vocab is smaller than a cup of jewels
In the studio with james lipton
Reminiscing about the script that was written
Before the beginning
All of a sudden the boo's turned into applause
My jaws stronger then the kenenday Macaws
Cant even count the bars
I've expended so far
Don't want to rap no more its been so long
I wish the clock would hurry up and tick
Im out in the bush and the sticks
Humpin a hundred clicks
Dr scholes gave me a good fit
Me and him went to school together back in 86
When I was really ill
Puttin flank energy in a rhyme the size of a Tylenol pill
You wanna laugh now
And cast your belligerent doubt
Show you what poetry is really about
The side affects will make you pass out
Followed by skin rash
Itching diarrhea nausea and dry mouth
You want a time out?
You better spit a rhyme out
Before the community of real mc's die out
College students say to me "you ain't smart"
Record label A&Rs say: "this ain't art"
These are the contents of the covenant of the art
Listen to my chest beat tell me this ain't heart
You gotta be as obsequious
As the Disciples of Jesus
This is my MASTER THESIS

Canibus Lyrics

"Behind Enemy Rhymes"

Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms
Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms

It's like this yo, check it out, uh, yo
When the curriculum storms
modern rap history is re-born in cd code in the form of a poem
Anyone who study Canibus past
knows he has to answer the questions you not advanced enough to ask
Super advanced, faculty man, chairman of curriculum class
85% never pass, 10% smile and 5% don't even laugh
When the chalks in my hand and I'm drawin up graphs
I present the contingency plan to the top grads
They probably think I'm on speed I'm talkin so fast
The body of the rhyme is smooth, like body in bath
The Submary is more explosive than a meth lab blast
My symmetrical geometry shatter glass
As my U 2 35 rhyme hits critical mass
Apocalypse now, lyrical raps blow everything off the map
from green grass to African Bayobats
Spike with electro mats, aircrafts crash
CDC's in the streets passin out gas masks
Gorgeous women thank me for the oxygen tank
Baby, the sherrons on my arms will tell you I reign
Maybe I'll become another casualty in the field
They'll ingrave my gravestone with the master steel
The best beats in the world couldn't rival my skill
It's like pourin a couple water on a million beach whales
The french is speakin basics, i should re-iterate this
We rise to great heights by winding staircases
Lines spiral and a french spiral design
When the curriculum storms, Behind enemy rhymes

When the curriculum storms, this is lyrical law
Computer programmed bars come out of digital jaws
This is the toughest course in hip hop so far
Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms, [x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Canibus:]

Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable
The audible probability probably ain't probable
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

[Kool G. Rap:]

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough
Blow out ya brain in ya casket
Don't you love this drug element?
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence
Bystanders bite the dust
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels
Chips in the field of fortune
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons
 Coke and the doom, you scheme?
 I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!
 Witness G Rap put it back in perspective
 Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers
 Get blast for ya necklace
 Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus
 We up in the club, dash for the exit
 Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about
 Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood
 Believe they bled it out (Yo)
 Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours
 Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores
 Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws
 The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot
 Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"
 Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked
 Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean
 Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa
 Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots
 Hit the curb, birds all on the flock
 Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"
 (Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)
 Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)
 Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!
 (Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[Canibus:]

Yo, e'yythin' is e'yythin' my nigga
 I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger
 Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community
 Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me
 I live in the 'burbs
 Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt
 It takes two to tango, three to jump rope
 Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'
 Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post
 My orders are to smoke you if you get too close
 The whole Globe is scared of my flow
 Spirit world, scared of my soul
 Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known
 The methods of my motivation is completely subjective
 My perception is completely parallel to perspective
 Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces
 Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation
 Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual
 Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful
 Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual
 G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible
 Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew
 If you can't admit I'm iller than you
 Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow
 Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

[Kool G. Rap:]

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes
And shots blow all them cowards and foes
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liters
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter
You should see us, it's movie star status
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails
The blood trail lead to a corpse
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft
Roll up my hand sheets with the force
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz
Uh, 40-pound style nigga

Canibus Lyrics

"Cenoir Studies 02"

[Canibus]

Yo the artists come and go, so does the show
So does the dough, nothin lasts forever you know
It's all about the experience and what you take from it
What you learn in the process, what you make of it
Number two in the world at the top of the summit, I loved it
Shoulda packed a parachute for the plummet
Now I'm opening these clips crawlin through mud pits
With guns and hundreds of clips on Uncle Sam's budget
Hundred rifles itself, handcuff Bert Reynolds
To Jim Brown and escape with Raquel Welsh
Isn't my queen lovely? feed her rum of rays
And ice cream, shower her with diamond rings and money
23 hours a day I study
Dreamin about beautiful women I hate you gay teletubies
Dreams keep my alive you can't take em from me
The battlefield is bloody, mean, and ugly
My adrenaline rushes when the enemy rush me
Tryin to bust me cuz I swore I'd defend my country
If I could choose between being lucky and having money
Nothing negative could ever touch me
What must be is ultimately not up to me
But I sacrifice my life for yours if you trust me
Pin my medals upon my chest
So I could left-right-left in a certain death
God's speed and God bless
In the end I hope God is impressed if I'm put to rest
I did what I came to do, no time left
Say my name out the blue cuz I rhyme it the best
Mic club dot net see me live in the flesh
You could come and download every rhyme that I spit
You could pay homage to Rip for one dollar a clip
None of those rhymes is on the album bitch
It's a storage facility where I keep my shit
For the students in the class that wanna peep my shit
Break a bootlegger leg if he leak my shit
You don't wanna sign him bitch then eat my shit
Drink my piss, you could never compete like this
I'ma give you an example how deep I get
Technology not available for purchase
My brains collects, stores, and converts million bar verses
At a stand-off distance of a thousand feet
I illuminate the target and pound em to sleep
To within one micro-inch if you out in the street
I could close my ears and still move my mouth to the beat
Dial-up to your network and make your files delete
Count to three, listen to you browse a beat

Too late, foot already stepped in the feces
Dr. Norton's too sick to help your PCs
Virtually I make your virtual memory freeze
With a weapon of mass destruction double you MD's
I'm a TMC trouble to MCs
Destroy colonies withUCAVs
I send in no less than twenty 18s
Wipe you out before I even get to the beach
With my Trans-atmospheric space based mirrors
Can you write that out without typographical error?
Dumb fucks I'm the best ever whatever
Divide 18 by 6 you get the third letter
From the lowest earth orbit up to the heavens
I bomb y'all wit lyrics of flesh shredders and petters forever
As a spitter I'm still tougher than leather
I had to go underground to get over the pressure
Battle rap from the Renaissance multi-megawatt
Bury you beneath the bedrock on the bed of rocks
I could never get bored
I write about Hugsley vs Wibble Force, fuck writin killer chorus
Copenhagen curriculum of metaphors
Everything from Bob Marley to Tenor Saul
The System of A Down song number 14
I see aerals in the sky when I dream
The end is near I wish it would hurry up
I feel nano-bacteria burning me up
Before I explain in detail
You should examine the Mahr's mineral samples under my nails
Sometimes I wonder who's listening
The auditory Pavlovian conditioning's so sickening
My adenine, guanine, cytosine,
And thymine is really what makes my rhyme supreme
Soon as I hear the beat, bada-bing
You gotta think: a hundred bars...damn, that's a lotta ink
Eventually all of my albums'll be out of print
There'll be a clone for every style I invent
For every line I rhyme intense
For all the time I spent, every word I spit since 96
If you could input at a hundred
I could output way above it, if we in public, I double it
Put this on your study list and go study, bitch
Basically quoting Hammer you "can't touch this"
I'm too assertive and alert for what its worth
My best piece of work is still yearning to be birthed
Class Dismissed
Cenoir Studies from Canibus

[Outro]

There is something mystical, but it's not RARE
and nobody should treat it as though this is something special
that writer's do... anybody--anybody born physically able in the brain
can sit down and begin to write something and discover
that there are depths in her soul or his soul that are untapped

Canibus Lyrics

""C" Section"

[Chorus]

This is the C section
Rippin and wreckin the lyrical legends sendin y'all to mic club heaven
This is the C section
A lyrical legend second to none in this profession

[Canibus]

I spit it exquisite
And rip it minute by minute
I'm in it to win it
You fuckin rhyme with bis you finished
Lyrical menace scrape enamel off your teeth like a dentist
With a senator minister from the executive senate
Pro-gression followed by metaphorical methods
Testing 1 2 3 4 testing testing
Supreme supremacist nemesis to competitors
Predators eat intestines of anything they entrusted in
Slice you like lettuce and celery start seven
Then make a mc salad out of suckas and sell it
For an expensive percentage
With nine tenths of the credit
Drink red bull beverage to increase lyrical leverage
I only give respect to mic club members and my own mentors
In the center of my circle where I dare you to enter
This is art imitating life imitating art
Imitating the brain simulating thoughts when I talk
Idealistically I spit for free
The cinography of the rhyme is what balances me
Challenges me
E A six speed prowlers
Superior air power
Fly around us with propulsion that's soundless
Spittin rhymes out by the thousands
Nitro-glycerin tablets under the tongue calm me down a bit
Attitude cynicism and lassitude
Battle you? come on dude I should slap you fool
Spit what I'll leave your lips numb the friction is so sick son
Your children disappear from a trition
Rhythmic high intensity conflict is a given it
Especially if Canibus is doin the rippin
You snippin to clippin in the C-section incisions
With scissors with rubber ergonomic grip for the fingers
Liars for hire with a defense like Jeffery Fygar
And rock it like thugs who work for mic club
Hyped up and tear the mic up my man
Move forward as expeditiously as I can
Ain't nobody in the world like Bis

The nitrous with radio telescopic devices
Same type shit
Facially hairless igogarious Jamaican-American
Lyricist turned microphone terrorist
Airlift me off the front line to my therapist
So I can sit in his chair and tell him how much I care for this
This is what they want this is what they love
To engage in the exchange of ideas and drugs
While I'm in the cut satellite trackin you rappers
With months of food rations beneath the catacombs of Paris
Theories of super-lattice and super-savage
Atomic attack tachometers flash when I punch the gas bitch
The farther I climb the harder I rhyme
You gotta face death and survive to feel more alive
The quality of life is an illusion of the mind
Super-imposed lines look two-dimensional from the side
According to the science of the C-section applied
If they say I'm the best after I die don't be surprised
I C-section the sky let my energy rise
At the moment of truth I know it's definitely my time
As my soul is eased through the sive I'll be grateful because I lived
The only drawback is that I didn't have kids
To C-section my beautiful whiz
And see the resemblance of my face in hers or his
Who knows what the future will bring
It stresses me to think
This mic meant everything now it doesn't seem important
Now I gotta follow orders defend borders
From Maine to California Seattle to Florida
If I could talk to the Oracle I know what I'd ask her
I'd speak to her about my passions
As the hourglasses turn my life passes
I'll just wait till I see the master and I'll just ask him
Forget it that's the future this is the present
A message to anybody listenin to the C section

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Drama A/T"

(feat. Luminati)

[Canibus]

Executive Order 11002

The reason you know me but I don't know you
You really wanna know what drama is let me show you
But keep in mind this is just one point of view
Drama is livin' in a 3rd world country
Fucked up and hungry without no money
Drama is trying to adjust to circumstance
Missing more than one leg or more than one hand
Drama is being chased off ya' land
By a funny looking man in a suit that works for the bank
Drama is what's happening to the ecosystem
And the animals it feeds, from the damage to trees
To rainforests that get destroyed annually
Damn is it just me who cares about the air that we breathe?
Drama is the nuclear threat that we live with
One bomb and everybody's dead that's some sick shit
Drama is HIV statistics
The infected person that you might have sex with, life goes on
But drama is living with the afterthought that maybe you could have prevented it
Drama is imminent, it comes in other forms
The sick pedophiles who support child porn
Never mind the offenders
Think about what the victims go through and what the fuck they gotta' live wit
Drama is the prison population
Some belong there but also some belong on probation
Drama is not being able to change one thing
Cause the system you live in says you ain't shit
Drama is corporate scandal
Drama is a handful of CEO's playin' you for a damn fool
Drama is being a millionaire
But gotta' recoup half the budget from your 10 percent share
Drama is having one too many women
Even though you always need a spare one to swim in
Drama is dealing with your jealous impulses
Learning how to hold it all in with no emotion
Drama is blind devotion
Drama is having your deepest secrets exposed in the open
Drama is having your heart broken
And the person who broke it doesn't even motherfucking notice
Drama is trying to carry a burden all by yourself on your shoulders and it don't exist
Drama is being falsely accused, Drama is the latest news
Drama is what gives people clues
Drama is a tool you can use to distract ya' enemy so they never improve
Drama is the fear of devils and the fear of God
Drama is a long and hard Tech support desk job

Drama is the life of an up-and-coming actor or rapper
Or athlete or building contractor
Drama is a rookie cop calling for backup
The 3 strike perpetrator that's getting tatted up
Drama is the spin zone of a politician
Drama is K-Solo when he said the rhyme did it
Drama is the struggle of change
Drama is inevitable there is no other way
Drama is what drains life force out of you
Drama is negative but drama can empower you
Drama is love, Drama is pain
Drama exists in everything everyday
Drama is the Yen, Drama is the Yang
Drama is the innate nature of man
Drama contracts, Drama expands
Drama is what I am

[Luminati]

Pull up a chair to the aristocracy of commonwealth prophecy
The legacy of generation three isosceles
Logical geometry, illogical melodies
Integrated with memories that mix melodically
Beyond the insight of what a modern-day monkey sees
Get chopped in three for pathetic hypocrisy
False bureaucracy breeds poetic monopolies
Chateau de Trevano is my property
An addict for drama and dramatic oddities
Addicted to bottles of sticky green botany
In a reflection of the split seas you see me in 3D
Tripping off three hits of E
Half-a-tablet for you 2-and-a-half for me
A rappers speech is slurred for eternal depravity
Naturally ignore gravity project astrally
Ascend gradually till the stratosphere passes me
Earth's actually esoterically absent to me
Take a crack at me with blurred clarity - battle me
Spiders crawl outta the skin the six headed beast
Evil beings that wrestle with demons in the deep
Useless to eat 200 pounds of rotten meat
Shrink heads drink black milk collect black teeth
Luminati tribal chief wear it as trophy piece
My women are ornamented with a blood soaked wreath
Like Christmas minus Christ plus the heat
The Ascended Master, leader of all immortal freaks
Voodoo curse on your last and future release
Unleash the worst plague put the world under siege
Till your name is unheard and your face is unseen
Till your just a nightmare of an accursed dream
Tell the supreme to curse your whole team and your unborn seed
Poison your queen like the Furher's last week
In the blood filled streets your a leech
Less than a man a poverty stricken thief with grief
At night you speak to Satan before you go to sleep

Worshipping the flesh like poor pagan priests
Your future's oblique
I command your heart to seize its beat
Thou shall inherit disease, drama and defeat...

Drama... Drama... Drama... Drama

Canibus Lyrics

"Dr C Phd"

Yo, I plan to build a myself a facility before I'm 40
a molecular archceogenetic laboratory
that can analyze complex poetry data for me
even if it was recorded poorly, how extraordinary
I frog leap over awful beats
then I separate rappers by the carbon-14s
to determine the age of anything ever made
regardless of how the outside surface has changed
I put a curse on your name, bombard your brain
with gamma x-rays till you burst into flames
with the scientifically quantifiable megalomaniacal
viable style, it's like trying to ride a bull
let's have a dictionary duel after school
check into me a nice Cedar Sinai room
so I can get sick as the flu, spittin the truth
if you ain't got this album, you missing the proof
prepare for your doom my nuclear rocket plumes
glow against the pale background of the moon
toxic fumes spoil complete stocks of fruits, and foods
burning your flammable boxes and booms
got in the groove even though I'm not in the mood
motherfucker you didn't win 'cause I can't lose
give the fans the chance to choose, fuck you
who's the illest, who's it really up to
rapping fire, you better run for the pacifier
tie you up and drown you in the saliva quagmire
till your oxygen expires and your lungs dry up
'cause you said Bis ain't dope, you a damn liar
disaster for hire over beats by pious
flow like the Tigris, Euphrates, with the Eye of the Tiger
in my iris, Canibus is a fighter
motherfucker, my greatgrandfather was Irish
let's roll the dices, 'll break you like young Tyson
give me the mic man, I don't need no hype man
put a thousand on me, put one on him
i tear off his limbs, throw him in, and tell him to swim
yo I soak that shit and coat that shit in soy sauce
tell the FCC boss, turn that noise off
call Detroit's Mafia Boss
tell him yo, I got a job for you, I want you to bust his balls
Drop him off by Niagra Falls
write my name on a banana and put the banana between his jaws
nobody disrespects lyrical law
I'm the best there ever is and the best ever was
training like a grunt face down in the mud
with blood, sweat, and tears, sucking it up
yo, you wonder where I am right now

I'm probably somewhere on the microphone fucking it up
dead or alive, Canibus will live through the rhyme
to be the illest on the mic is a mission of mine
spittin' divine, you can't get it twisted this time
vocal wit

Canibus Lyrics

"Bis Vs. RIP"

(feat. RIP The Jacker)

[Rip]

Yo, you fuckin' hate me, you fuckin' lock me in the basement
And you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make since
Can-I-Bitch. I supported you like a weight bench
Without me you're defenseless you better face it
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex
Getting paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catching wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath
I had to keep the situation in check
Look at the vericose veins in my neck, Jermaine is the best
The industry fucked you, I'm just paying 'em back
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em
They just mad cuz when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

[Bis]

Calm down

[Rip]

Who you telling to calm down nigga, I'm a ripper remember?
I told you not to do "Gone Til November."
But you wouldn't listen. I always had your best interests in mind
I wrote all your best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride
But I'm getting tired of having to remind you Bis
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

[Bis]

What?! Man, why you trippin', you know it's a crazy business
You a lying ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it
If its one thing I learned in show biz
Stay focused and don't quit Rip
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip]

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain
Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream
You should just call out names
The industry's all about game
I shit on 'em all the same
And I leave spit stains on their brain

Like liquid chocolate spilling over their new white trainers
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is amazing, I don't know what the fuck Germain is
I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat, I've been rhyming for ages
Rippers are dangerous. All jackers are afraid of us
You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis]

That's ridiculous

[Rip]

A'ight then, listen to mine
I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you
Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do
Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils
Make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacques Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console
Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole
Suck the power out of your soul
You're nothing but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go
Watching my Casio stop watch, counting it slow
Like drug lords checking to see if it's talcum or coke
I can kill you by drowning the globe
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat
In battles I'm a thousand to no. I silenced the Pope
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
No? I thought so
Neither do I
It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit, in the business
And probably in existence. What's your consensus?
Study my own syntax statistics since '96
With CPA certified assistance
I made a decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women
Are dope writtens. If it ain't dope then don't spit it
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive
Just practice your penmanship
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fucking with Rip
Got millions of blueprints on zip disk
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this, Bitch!
Welcome to the serpentine world where I spit
The world where I twist, the world that I rip, the world where I live

[Bis]

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
A lot of these rappers is jealous that's why they attack you
They think you the best, that's why they wanna battle you
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive. That's a fact that you proved
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battling is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth, you got talent out the gazoo
When niggas first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?
Look what it's running into
I don't feel like having this discussion with you
I'm tired of fucking with you
Niggas in the game don't wanna do nothing with you
Bussin' with you. Going one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you. Shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you. That's why I had to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful
God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since my third album I've been mentioning you
I got your name on my arm, I'm representing you
You Rip the Jacker. I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga
I just want you to listen to what I'm telling you
What happened between L and you, forget it
People know you won the battle, they will give you the credit
A lot of people don't want to admit it
But I consider it a real privilege
To bear witness to your lyrics and be involved in sharing the merits
I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us
The author of the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the ExeBis scripts
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice
Remember Rip
You can't rhyme forever, there's always somebody with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip. Ain't that how you wanna keep it?
I keep your whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

[Rip]

Ayo, stop patronizing me
You despise me

All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie
If I was a priority
You'd acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither, you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me
Stop smiling at me
Give me the keys to the garage, I need to borrow the Jeep
Get the fuck out my face Bis!

Canibus Lyrics

"Liberal Arts"

(feat. Jedi Mind Tricks)

[Voice-Over]

Once more, it has been done
That in order to save it
You would have to raise the specter again
I am going to tell them the truth
About their ministry of justice
But if we didn't though
It would surely be cause for war!

[Canibus]

Ok its time to get started..
Don't want to but the forces forced me
When it can't category allegory
They translated it for me
U-M-L-O-U-T: Umlaut
That's the reason I bend vowels when I spew from the mouth
Spit threw and out the very grotesque few are best
Burn through vests
Since the university of Budapest
Sitting in a room with a windowless view
Concentrating; looking at you
Freeze frame frozen at the very moment
The wormhole opens
You know Canibus has spoken
The circumference of a third eye so vibrant
To me, Ezekiel's Wheel was just a spare tire
My epithelial genetic fiber was forged in the protoplasmic fires in a black geyser
The explosion can described as a white Iris
When the absolute began, I don't know where I was
I musta just been a piece of micro dust
That's why I the fuck love mics so much
My micro, macro robotic rap flow
The Magna Carta of the entire rap world
Mayflower 2002 Phase 1
Adapt to the press of gravity is laid on my lungs
The theory of communication called cannons
Dissertation with a makeover in camouflage makeup
Light waves bend to the wake of bust
Mics buckle with white knuckles, metacarpals crush
Acid reflux all over your face, you fuck
Grab heart with bare hands,
Squeeze and spray blood
You iller than me? Gimme a call:
W-W-W-N-A-M-I-org
Dear boss,
You mind if I share my thoughts?

Psychotherapy is expensive, can you share my costs?
In a cushioned room with leather doors
Handwriting experts take a look at the letters I draw
Excessive graftedness, there's no space between words
Excessive cross-outs: it must be my nerves
Rhymes that vaporize dis-ablize and destabilize
Pray to God, say Goodbye
Six minutes Vinnie Paz you're on
Lyrically this is the liberty of Liberal Arts

[Chorus]

[Canibus:] Consume Creatine and Create
[cAnibus:] Anemometers analyze air intake
[caNibus:] The H.N.I.C that narrates
[canIbus:] Innate intelligent Interface
[caniBus:] Biogenetic Behemoth obliterate
[canibUs:] Youth on fire, You both bleed
[canibuS:] Micnificently sound Mc
Liberal Arts with JMT

[Vinnie Paz, AKA Ikon the Verbal Hologram]

I'm the god of war,
the resurrector of the horror-core
The carnivore, destroying you wasn't hard at all
I started raw, so the haters could see what could happen
I was Allah while the pagans were speaking in Latin
I'm the origin of science and math
I'm the origin of everything you trying to grasp
Been dying to ask if Jedi Mind is the real
Well I'll let you inside my mind and you decide how it feel
I'm dying to kill
And bring to you apocalypse
I start a lot beef with lots of guns and lots of clips
Fuck the head, I'm aimin right for your esophagus
Hang you from a hook then drink the blood your body drips
I got the power of the lead a fucking shotty spits
And leave you weaker than the mafia that's Gotti-less
With Canibus: get deep like psychoanalysts
Vinne Paz the fucking Hand-to-Fist-Philanthropist

What? Its fucking Vinnie Paz daddy

Yeah Jedi Mind baby

(For the people of the world)

Canibus baby

Let it now be noted

Mic Club

What's the fucking deal?

That here in our decision

This is what we stand for

Justice, Truth and the value of a single human being

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Liberal Arts

Mic Club the Curriculum

Can-I-bus hittin 'em

Rippin 'em

Canibus Lyrics

"Curriculum 101"

[Intro: movie sample]

Claims are being made
That for me go far beyond the available evidence
In fact in many cases are contradicted by the evidence
And that bothers me

[Canibus]

Forensic psychologists, Samuel with the brides
Explains you probably never understand Jermaine
Incoherent speeches, puzzles and pieces
The sub-chemical deepness, suck his clan 'til they screeches
Realms of heaven and hell
Flowing angelic gell strikes with voron leukaemia cells
Demons in hell, they call to me, I scream "what can you offer me?"
They reply "tecnosaucery"
They tell me the meek will never inherit the world
Cuz they weak standin' on two 12 inch feet
I dream Quashee Canonian dreams when I sleep
Peyote leads to snakes with a blood of a priest
In the room where the ceiling leaks and crimps in grease
Where the living eats the dead and the dead reek
Rockbottom transforms human beings to beast
Why the fuck you think we got canine teeth?
It's the optical stimuli of watching men cry
I hope I've got time to repent before I die
Battle me at the beach if the sea is out of reach
Cuz when I speak what's fluid becomes concrete
Like a falcon up in the sky, 10 thousand feet
Lookin' down at you bitches lookin' at me
Fame shift into 45 degrees, I'm too crooked to see
I memorise the books that I read
Suckin' from the breast of knowledge, constantly weaning
Unforseenly a genius without meaning
Try to visualise what happy Houdini was feeling
Handcuffed under water without breathing
Near death on a fatal quest for air
But why should anyone care? He put himself there
His career was based on facing the stares
To take destiny from the hand of the man upstairs
He didn't mind the cold stares he got from his peers
They couldn't tell him where he was goin' or how to get there
It's better to be prepared and fail than be scared
and unsure of yourself and still get killed
Don't rhyme like I used but I've still got skills
More than a couple confirmed kills under the belt
Huntin' MCs like huntin' Elk
Camouflaged in the dense bust of stealth determined his health

I don't do this to anybody except myself
Stuck with motherfuckers like the trophy on my shelf
Fuck the promo, nigga I do this for dolo
Flow from the first album, the 24-0-0
Round the clock launce, I got a cup of coco
When I be a no show with my girl fives don't go
And she give me blow more than 2 times on the row
And I'd rather chill with her than kill you with a rhyme that I wrote
Count how many mics that I smoke minus the gold
Bust dope, my battlin' average higher than most
When I'm on the mic I release fire from throat
If you disagree please do it quietly folks
Anybody better than Bis must be a hoax
Black man NO, what about the great white ho?
What? Man you must be sniffin' the great white coke
Don't you that's like Gary Comb, I'm fightin' a hulk
Still not even quite that close
A great mic fight in ya rubber dingi boat 50 miles out from the coast
What the fuck is the maddness with you
I beat you black and blue, then I give the tablet the true
Better yet I put a tattoo of me on you
A 10 by 10 ceelo go neon blue
The most theatrical MC battle of all time
I rip jackers like you, you know my call sign
Kill a cobra, stick hooker over behovin'
Motorise auto gyros with sycamore rotors
Hydrogen peroxide, gaseous vapors
Technically these words shouldn't even rhyme off paper
In theory, for every soul that can hear me I'ma blaze them
In practical practice my style's even greater
Can't you see what I'm spittin'? Can't you here the difference?
Compared to me you're energetically inefficient
You need ten times the enzymes to process one of my rhymes
You got to rewind every one of my lines
Do you know how to paraphrase?
Do you even understand what the narrator's tryna say?
The climax explodes, nobody can force out of my flow
Figurably the language is too dope
Academic journals print my lyrical quotes
They show parallelism in all the albums I wrote
On any track I come off strong automatically
Whether I write interactive or pass the capacity
Poetry that I spit is autonomous to cliff
written on tablets of clay mortar mix, superb
Truly superb, analyse the words
It's like I'm jerkin ya birds fly above the earth
The Eye of Horus, the miniature tour ride within the giant tourist
With singularity on the chorus I still sound enourmous
Borderline, insanity tryna break you through humanities border
With a new curriculum every quarter
I'm the pawn of the pawner with the secret mic world order
Baptise you with Jamaican White Rum and water
If you got a hundred bars then I know you a warrior

I'll be the one that award ya, pinch the medal on you
Dedicate a song to you, cuz not in autoble
You want a record deal
Explain the lyrical grande unified field so I can test ya skill
Do it in front of the class, chart diagram it and write it in latin
Not spanish god dammit, step back so I can look at it
"da dad dad ada dada", ah what the fuck is that wack shit?
Crumpsy and dumb like a hand with five thumbs
Work for the Mic Club, Curriculum 101

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Outro"

[Canibus:]

[x4: quietly]

This is a favourite short scene of mine
Two famous lines, time flies
Especially when you listen to rhymes
Words become time and time is disguised
Around the world in 80 seconds through a sentence
Experience is the mother of all adventure
Who knows the unknown? Where will you end up?
Question yourself, who, when and what
I tell you this much, it's up to every one of you
Learn from the past or the future will punish you
Power flows to those who remember
Memory comes from words, words come from letters
This is Mic Club's primary premise
We tell history, we don't let history tell us
Mic Club...

[x2: quietly]

Mic Club